O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye
to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him
Born the King of Angels:
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord!

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not
the Virgin's womb;
Very God, Begotten,
not created:
Chorus

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens
of heav'n above;
Glory to God
In the highest:
Chorus

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled:
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th'angelic host pro-claim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th'incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail! The heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

AWAY IN A MANGER

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
the stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
the little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
but little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky
and stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask thee to stay
close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
and fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

WE THREE KINGS

We three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star:
O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a king on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring, to crown him again
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign:
O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a deity nigh:
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship him, God most high:
O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb:
O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Glorious now, behold him arise,
King, and God, and sacrifice!
Heav'n sings alleluya,
Alleluya the earth replies:
O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

JINGLE, BELLS

Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bells on Bob-tail ring,
Making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride, and sing
A sleighing song tonight.
Hi! Jingle, bells, jingle, bells, jingle all the way;
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle, bells, jingle, bells, jingle all the way;
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

Now the ground is white;
Go it while you're young,
Take the girls tonight,
And sing this sleighing song.
Just get a bob-tailed bay,
Two forty for his speed;
Then hitch him to an open sleigh
And crack! You'll take the lead.
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way;
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle, bells, jingle, bells, jingle all the way;
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me,

1. A partridge in a pear tree.
2. Two turtle doves.
3. Three French hens.
4. Four colly birds.
5. Five gold rings.
6. Six geese a-laying.
7. Seven swans a-swimming.
8. Eight maids a-milking.
9. Nine drummers drumming.
10. Ten pipers piping.
11. Eleven ladies dancing.
12. Twelve lords a-leaping

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

We wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas,
we wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy new year.
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin,
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year!

Oh brings us a figgy pudding, oh bring us a figgy pudding,
oh bring us a figgy pudding, and a cup of good cheer.
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin,
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year!

We won't go until we get some, we won't go until we get some,
we won't go until we get some, so bring some out here.
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin,
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year!

We wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas,
we wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy new year.
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin,
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year